

without which governments cannot endure.

With the destruction of the missions began the return of the reign of violence and lawlessness, and the church, as it now exists in California, is obliged to begin its work anew, as if the history of the past hundred years had never been. There is no state in the Union, no country on earth, in which

the highest form of civilization attained, by and through the Church, and the lowest form, that without God or morality, appear in such striking contrast as in California, and nowhere is there less said about it as an argument to maintain the claims of the Church to be the light of the world and the best promoter of even worldly prosperity.

THE KIOWA MEDICINE DANCE.

The ground within the enclosure of the Medicine Lodge had been carefully cleared of grass, sticks and roots, and covered several inches deep with a clean white sand. A screen had been constructed on the side opposite the entrance, by sticking small cotton-woods and cedars deep in the ground, so as to preserve them fresh as long as possible. A space was left three or four feet wide between it and the enclosing wall, in which the dancers prepared themselves for the dance, and in front of which was the medicine. This consisted of an image lying on the ground, but so concealed from view, in the screen, as to render its form indistinguishable; above it was a large fan, made of eagle quills, with the quill part lengthened out nearly a foot, by inserting sticks into it, and securing it there. These were held in a spread form by means of a willow rod, or wire, bent in a circular form; above this was a mass of feathers concealing an image, on each side of which were several shields, highly decorated with feathers and paint. Various other paraphernalia of heathen worship were suspended in the screen among these shields or over them, impossible to describe. A mound had also been thrown up around the central part of the building, two feet high and perhaps five feet in diameter.

The musicians, who are no others but the war chiefs, were squatted on the ground in true heathen style, to the

left, and near the entrance, having drums and rattles.

Presently the dancers came from behind the screen; their faces, arms and the upper part of their bodies were painted white; a soft, white buckskin skirt, secured about the loins, descended nearly to the ankles, while the breech-cloth, blue on this occasion, hanging to the ground outside the skirt, both in front and behind, completed the dress. They faced the medicine—shall I say idols? for it was conducted with all the solemnity of worship—jumping up and down in true time with the beating of the drums, while a bone whistle in their mouths, through which the breath escaped as they jumped about, and the singing of the women, completed the music. The dancers continued to face the medicine with arms stretched upwards and towards it, their eyes, as it were, riveted to it. They were apparently oblivious to all surroundings except the music and what was before them.

After some time, a middle-aged man, painted as the others but wearing a buffalo robe, issued from behind the screen, facing the entrance, but having his eyes fixed upon the sun, upon which he stood gazing without winking or moving a muscle, for some time, then began slowly to incline his head from side to side as if to avoid some obstruction in his view of it, swaying his body slightly, then stepping slowly from